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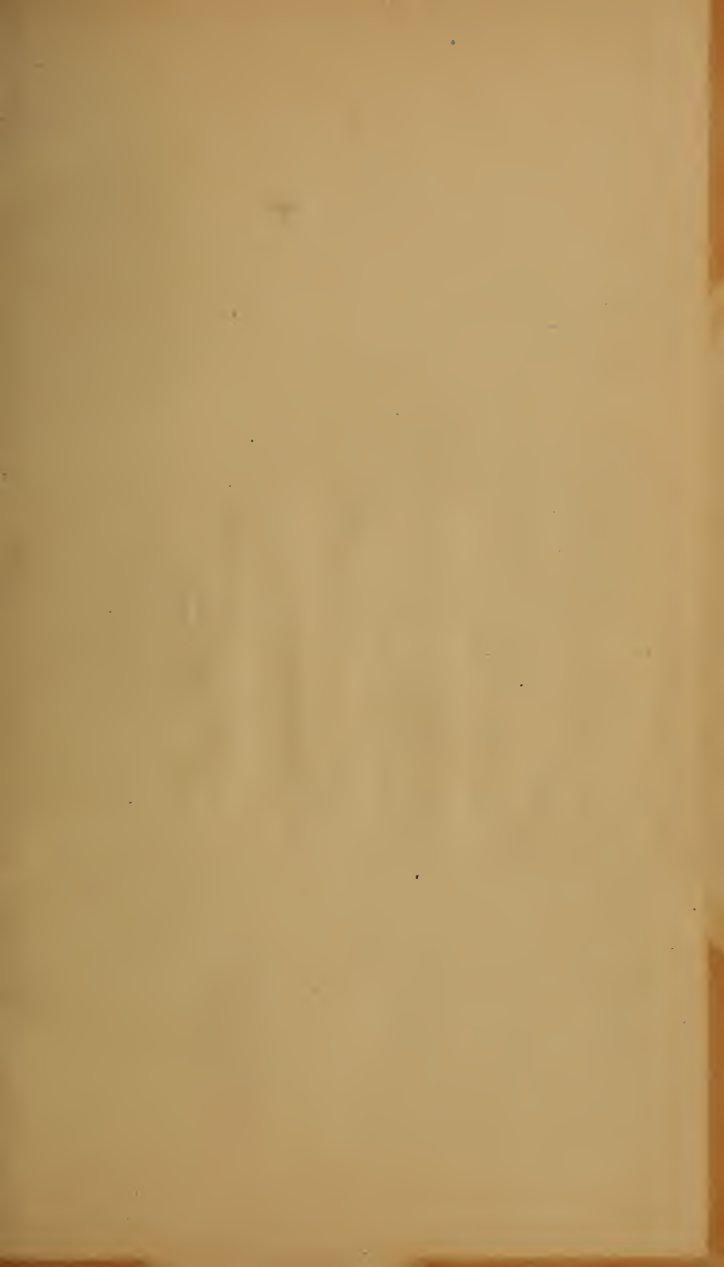
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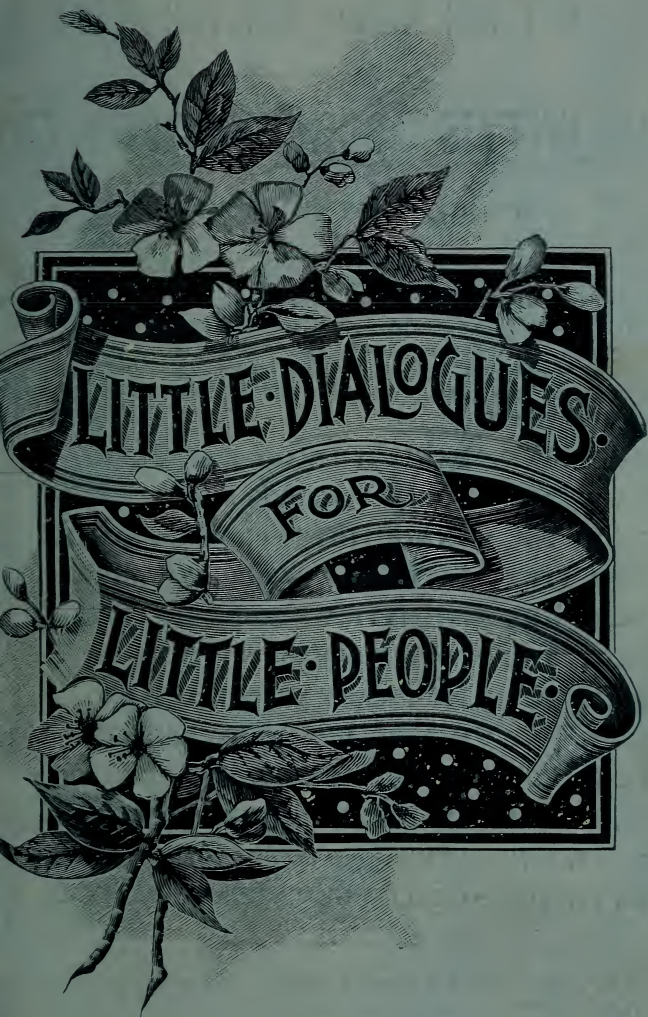








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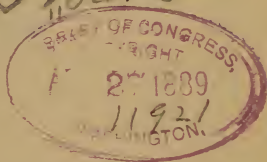
THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
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# LITTLE DIALOGUES

FOR

## LITTLE PEOPLE

*By*  
*Margaret Holmes Bates*



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# Little Dialogues for Little People

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## COAL.

FOR TWO BOYS.

*John.* I think I'd like to be a coal miner and dig out ever so many wagon-loads of coal.

*Tom.* What would you dig your loads out of?

*John.* Why, out of coal mines, of course. Where did you think I'd get it?

*Tom.* I didn't know; that is the reason I asked. What are coal mines like?

*John.* I can't tell you what they are like, only I suppose they are like coal mines; but I never saw one.

*Tom.* And they are ever so deep down in the ground, are they?

*John.* Yes, mostly. The big trees had to be



down in the ground before they could turn to coal.

*Tom.* I thought coal grew itself; I did n't know it was made of wood.

*John.* But how can anything grow itself?

*Tom.* I thought may be stones turned to coal.

*John.* No; it's the trees that grew hundreds of years ago and were covered with earth, and very likely water, and instead of rotting as you've seen logs in the woods, they turned to coal.

*Tom.* Well, that is very curious. But I do n't believe I want to be a coal miner.

*John.* It must be hard work, and it's dangerous, too; but I think I'd like to be a miner.

*Tom.* What danger is there?

*John.* Oh, sometimes the mines cave in and the miners are smothered to death.

*Tom.* Yes, but the mines do n't always cave in, and you know sometimes carpenters fall from house-tops and get killed.

*John.* Yes; there's danger in doing almost



anything. Not much show for cowards, is there?

---

## THE SEASONS.

### FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

#### *First Speaker.*

I love the pleasant summer time,  
I love the balmy air,  
When birds and bees fly 'mongst the trees,  
And flowers are everywhere.

#### *Second Speaker.*

I love the cheery autumn best,  
When all the vines and trees  
Are full of fruit,  
Each taste to suit ;  
And every little breeze,  
From all the branches over head,  
Shakes down the leaves, brown, gold and red.

*Third Speaker.*

I love the winter best of all,  
There's nothing half so nice,  
In plums or dates  
Or roller skates,  
As skating on the ice.

*Fourth Speaker.*

Each season has a charm for me,  
But spring is best of all,  
I plant my flowers,  
And sit for hours,  
To see the rain-drops fall.

---

## MISS PRIM.

FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

*Lucy.* Did you ever see anything like the way  
May is doing lately?

*Emma.* What is she doing? I do n't see her  
very often.

*Lucy.* Why she sits and sews like any old grandmother. And there's no end to the knitting she does.

*Emma.* But what does she do it for? And when does she have time?

*Lucy.* I don't know what she does it for, unless her mother makes her do it; and I saw her yesterday evening, while I was playing croquet, sitting at the window sewing as if she was paid for it.

*Emma.* Well, I would not do it. Perhaps she sits at the window to let people see how industrious she is.

*Lucy.* Perhaps she does—but here she comes! Let's talk to her about it. How do you do, Miss Seamstress? Where's your sewing machine?

*Emma.* Where's your scrap-bag and crochet needle?

*May* (laughing). You are nearest right, Emma, I have n't learned to use a sewing machine yet.

*Lucy.* But what are you learning to do?

*May.* I'm learning to darn stockings, so as to help mamma a little.

*Emma.* But why does n't your mother hire some one to darn the stockings?

*May.* She would if she knew of any one who would do it and do it nicely; but why should n't I do it? It is n't hard work; and when papa saw me doing it he was so pleased, and as soon as I can do darning as nicely as mamma does, I'm to have a silver thimble, besides being paid for the darning.

*Lucy.* My father and mother give me money without working for it.

*Emma.* So do mine, but I do believe I would be very proud if I could earn money as my brother does for tending two fires.

*May.* Of course you'd be proud, and you'd be glad, too, to help your mother if she gets as tired as mine does.

*Lucy.* My mother gets *awfully* tired, and sometimes she has hard headaches; too, I am

going to ask her to teach me to darn stockings.

*Emma.* I'll ask my mother, too.

*May.* I'm so glad. It's really nice, interesting work. You weave your bright little needle back and forth—and papa calls me spider half the time. Then it's lovely to do work for those we love.

---

## A SILK DRESS.

FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

*Kitty.* I've been reading about silk worms, and I want a silk dress. I think it must be funny to have a dress that was started by a butterfly.

*Letty.* Started by a butterfly! I never heard of such a thing! How could a butterfly start a silk dress?

*Kitty.* It is the egg of the butterfly that hatches out the silk-worm.

*Letty.* And what is a silk-worm like?

*Kitty.* It's like a caterpillar, of a yellowish white color. It is very particular about its food, and must have mulberry leaves.

*Letty.* Well; and what does it do next? Where does the silk come from?

*Kitty.* The worm spins it, something as a spider spins his web, only the worm winds himself up in a bag or case about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg.

*Letty.* Then does it die in its case?

*Kitty.* Oh no. It seems to be dead for about ten days, then it eats its way out of the case and then it's a butterfly.

*Letty.* Well, that is very curious. And the butterfly does n't know anything about being a silk-worm, I suppose.

*Kitty.* I suppose not, any more than we can remember when we were little babies.

*Letty.* But where does the silk come from?

*Kitty.* Oh, did n't I tell you? The case that held the worm is made of very fine thread, wound around and around. This is unwound on

reels made for the purpose and is called raw silk. This is woven into ribbons and silk for dresses.

---

## SALT.

## TWO BOYS.

*John.* There are more curious things in the world than a fellow could count in a month.

*Tom.* Why, what's so curious now. I have n't seen anything curious for a long time.

*John.* You have n't? Well, I can tell you a pinch of salt is curious enough to keep one wondering for awhile.

*Tom.* A pinch of salt! Pshaw! I think of salt like the youngster who defined it as something that made potatoes taste bad when it was not put on. Nothing so very curious about salt.

*John.* Well, I think I can ask you a good many questions about it that you can't answer.

*Tom.* All right ; go ahead.

*John.* Well, here's an easy one. What is marine salt?

*Tom.* Why, salt that's made from sea-water, of course. Everybody knows that.

*John.* And what is spring salt?

*Tom.* Spring salt? Oh, you're springing a trap on me. There is no such salt.

*John.* Yes there is, and it's obtained from salt springs and salt wells.

*Tom.* All right; you won't catch me on rock salt; I know all about that.

*John.* But there are two kinds of rock salt.

*Tom.* One kind's enough for me, the kind that's dug out of the salt mines at Cracow.

*John.* But the purest salt of all is the kind of rock salt that is found on the rocks of Sicily and some of the West India islands.

*Tom.* What kind is it, and where does it come from?

*John.* It comes from the spray of the sea and adheres to the rocks above high-water mark.

---



The people of old times knew of no other rock salt than this.

*Tom.* Well, that is curious. I'd like to go into a salt mine, would n't you?

*John.* Yes, I would. But since we can not do that, suppose we go to the library and find some good book that tells about salt.

---

## GUNPOWDER.

### FOR TWO BOYS.

*Ben.* I think the man who first made gunpowder ought to have been put in jail.

*Dick.* Why so? Gunpowder is a good thing.

*Ben.* A good thing! How can you say that when you know how much harm it does?

*Dick.* I know it does harm, but it does good, too.

*Ben.* I do n't see where the good is, I'm sure it is not good to kill men.

*Dick.* No, but it is good for a miner. A little box of gunpowder will lift rocks that a hundred men could n't.

*Ben.* Well, it is not very good when somebody drops a spark of fire by accident and makes a great explosion and fire.

*Dick.* No, but it's a good thing to have when a burglar's coming in the house to take all he can carry, and maybe kill your father and mother.

*Ben.* Yes. I did n't think of that. I wonder what it's made of.

*Dick.* Papa told me it was made of saltpetre and sulphur and charcoal, mixed together.

*Ben.* What is saltpetre? Anything like table salt?

*Dick.* Not much. It's a kind of salt, but it is not very pleasant to taste. Sometimes it's good for sore throats. Long ago people used to call it nitre.

*Ben.* And where does it come from?

*Dick.* It's usually dug out of the ground, but

in some parts of India it is found on the surface of the earth in thin crusts.

*Ben.* Well, gunpowder is not all bad, then.

*Dick.* No, it's only bad when put to bad uses.

---

## KINDS OF WEATHER.

### FOUR CHILDREN.

#### *First Speaker.*

Oh, I like to have the rain pour down  
For half a day, don't you?  
Then go to the creek when the sun is bright,  
And "paddle my own canoe."

#### *Second Speaker.*

I like a day when the shiny snow  
Covers streets and fields so wide,  
Then I take my sled and away I go,  
To the grand toboggan slide.

*Third Speaker.*

Oh, best for me are the spring-time days,  
When the sun is shining bright ;  
I know where to find the angle worms,  
And I know where the fish will bite.

*Fourth Speaker.*

I think I like the long, hot days,  
I lie in the shade of a tree,  
And read awhile, then sleep awhile,  
As lazy as I can be.

---

## THE PETS.

## FIVE CHILDREN.

*First Speaker.*

My dog knows every word I say,  
And he knows each thing that 's mine,  
And mamma says when I 'm away  
He 'll sit and fret and whine,

Until he sees me coming back,  
Then you should see him run,  
He'll very nearly laugh and talk,  
As well as anyone.

*Second Speaker.*

I would n't give my Maltese cat  
For all the dogs in town,  
I've seen her catch the biggest rat,  
And come and put it down  
Right at my feet, as if to say,  
"There now, just look at that."  
Your dog might run and bark all day  
And never catch a rat.

*Third Speaker.*

My dog is just as white as snow,  
When I can keep him clean ;  
He'll sit upon a chair just like  
Most people I have seen ;  
And he puts out his paw to you,  
And shakes hands, just as nice !  
But I do n't believe he's very smart  
At catching rats and mice.

*Fourth Speaker.*

My dolly with her golden hair,  
Is just as sweet to me,  
As any dog or cat in town,  
And sweeter, for you see  
She can not bark the leastest bit  
And so she makes no noise,  
She can not walk, so never plays  
With naughty girls and boys ;  
She can't run after rats and mice,  
And I'm glad, because  
I know she 'd run and jump at me,  
With *awful* dirty paws.

*Fifth Speaker.*

Yes, dogs and cats are very well,  
And a doll is not so bad,  
But the cutest, sweetest little pet  
That I have ever had  
Is the baby brother at our house ;  
He laughs and crows and cries,  
And he has the dearest little hands,  
And the brightest dark-blue eyes,

And the fattest, pinkest little feet,  
And sometimes he pulls my hair,  
And the other day he broke my doll,  
It was old, and I do n't care.

---

## GLASS.

FOR TWO BOYS.

*Harry.* Oh dear! The teacher says our class must tell her in the morning what we know about glass. I wonder where we will begin?

*Tom.* I should say you ought to begin by telling what you know of the way glass is made.

*Harry.* That would be a hard beginning for me. I do n't know anything about it.

*Tom.* Well, I do n't know very much about it, but I know you must have melting pots.

*Harry.* Well, and what do you melt in the pots?

*Tom.* I think you take soda, and lime, and

fresh water river sand, and brick dust, and old broken glass.

*Harry.* Well, that's a sort of rag-bag. I should not think it would make very nice glass.

*Tom.* No, it does n't, that is only for common glass bottles.

*Harry.* And how do they make the nice, clear glass?

*Tom.* I do n't know, but I'm going to ask papa or mamma; I know they can tell us all about it.

*Harry.* And maybe they can tell who first found out how to make it, too.

---

## SCHOOL.

*Dick.* Oh, but I will be glad when school is out.

*John.* Why so? What do you want to do?



*Dick.* Oh, anything! I believe I'd rather saw wood than to go to school.

*John.* Well, I saw wood sometimes, but I don't believe I'd rather saw all day than go to school.

*Dick.* Well, I'm not sure but I would. Sawing wood is not such very hard work.

*John.* No, it isn't so very hard for a little while, but when a fellow saws for three or four hours he must be pretty tired.

*Dick.* Well, isn't a fellow pretty tired after going to school for three or four hours?

*John.* Not tired in the same way. I've blistered my hands with a wood-saw, but I never did with a lead or slate pencil, or a piece of chalk, and not one of my books ever had a splinter in it.

*Dick.* Well, I tell you I've had a headache a good many times by going to school.

*John.* Yes; but as soon as you are out you feel like running and playing ball, or skating, or doing anything that's in season.

*Dick.* Yes, of course. So I do after I saw wood.

*John.* But if your hands are blistered you can 't handle a bat or catch a ball very well.

*Dick.* No. Then I look at the rest or go skating.

*John.* Well, I think it's best to go to school and learn all we can or we may have to saw wood all day as some men do; and I don't believe you'd like that.

---

## CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

FOUR BOYS.

*First Speaker.*

I think I'll be a blacksmith,  
I'll build a roaring fire,  
I'll have my bellows and I'll blow  
The sparks up high and higher;

I 'll make the finest kind of show  
For all the girls and boys,  
And nobody will ever say,  
“Do stop that awful noise.”

*Second Speaker.*

I 'll be a farmer, I shall have  
Barns full of corn and wheat,  
And a cellar full of cider barrels,  
And lots of things to eat ;  
Like apples, peaches, pears and plums,  
Potatoes, melons, jams,  
A horse to ride, and cows to milk,  
And sheep with little lambs.

*Third Speaker.*

I 'll be an editor, I 'll make  
The papers that you read ;  
I 'll know the stories of big snakes,  
And all about the speed  
Of horses at the fairs and things,  
And how elections go ;  
I 'll have passes on the railroads and  
To every kind of show.

*Fourth Speaker.*

I think I'll take to politics,  
I'll see how laws are made,  
I'll find out what the tariff is,  
And all about free trade ;  
And when I go to make a speech,  
How folks will run to see,  
And wave their hats, fire guns, and name  
Their babies after me !

---

## CALICO.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

*Lucy.* Next summer when we go to visit auntie, I shall wear calico dresses all the time.

*Jenny.* Does your auntie wear nothing but calico ?

*Lucy.* Auntie ? Of course, she wears lawn dresses and white dresses, and I've seen her

have a nice silk, but she does n't roll in the grass and play in the sand like cousin Bess and I do.

*Jenny.* Well, I go to the country, too ; but I don't wear calico all the time.

*Lucy.* What do you wear ?

*Jenny.* Oh, white dresses and my summer silk and such things.

*Lucy.* Well, I like to have a good time, and I do n't see why calico is n't as good as anything else.

*Jenny.* It is n't nice and fine like lawn and percale, and it's such an ugly name.

*Lucy.* I don't think it an ugly name. It takes it's name from the city of Calicut, where it was first made.

*Jenny.* Well, I never thought that much about it. I did n't know where it was first made.

*Lucy.* Papa told me all about it the other day. It's made now in a good many places besides Calicut ; in England and the United States.

## WOOL.

## TWO BOYS.

*Harry.* I read a funny story the other day about a coat that talked.

*Fred.* A coat that talked? What did it say?

*Harry.* It told the boy who wore it all about how it was made.

*Fred.* Well, that must have been funny for the coat to talk; but making a coat is n't much.

*Harry.* I think it's a good deal more than I'd want to do. I would n't have known what to do first if I had not read that story.

*Fred.* The first thing to do is to get a pattern and cut out the coat. I've seen tailors cut out clothes.

*Harry.* Did you ever see anybody cut the wool off a sheep's back?

*Fred.* No. That is n't making a coat.

*Harry.* No, but it's getting the wool to make the cloth.

*Fred.* I never thought of that. I wonder what they do next.

*Harry.* The wool is made into yarn and then woven into cloth.

*Fred.* I believe I'd like to go to a factory and see how it's done.

*Harry.* I would, too. The story I read told all about it, but I'd like to see for myself.

---

## HOW TO MAKE SUGAR.

*Tom.* Why did n't you come and play shinny with us this morning?

*Hal.* I had to go to the grocery and order some sugar for mamma.

*Tom.* How I do hate to do things like that. Why did n't you say you had n't time?

*Hal.* Because it would n't have been true. Mamma does n't ask me to do things that I have not time to do.

*Tom.* Well, you lost a good game this morning.

*Hal.* I found out something about making sugar while the grocer was taking my order.

*Tom.* What did you find out, and who told you?

*Hal.* Papa told me the most; but the first I heard two men talking in the grocery about the different kinds of sugar.

*Tom.* I know there are different kinds of sugar, but I never thought of how it was made.

*Hal.* And did you know that some of it is made from sugar cane, and some from great big trees?

*Tom.* Oh, I know of sugar cane, I've seen pictures of it. It looks some like corn.

*Hal.* Yes, and the stalks are ground, or crushed, in a mill, and the juice is squeezed out, and then it is cooked a long time.

*Tom.* Oh, that's the way we make taffy.

*Hal.* Yes, only the sugar is boiled longer.



*Tom.* And how about the trees? Are they ground up, too?

*Hal.* No, they have pieces of the bark cut out, and a little spout put into the body of the tree. The sap runs through the spout, and when there is enough it is boiled till it turns to sugar.

*Tom.* Well, that's a pretty good thing to learn in one morning. Next time mamma tells me to go to the grocery I wo n't grumble.

---

## SHOES.

### TWO GIRLS.

*Fanny.* I've just been reading about Cinderella and her glass slipper. Did you ever read the story?

*Nelly.* Oh, yes; and I always think I would n't like to wear a glass slipper, because if I should strike against anything and break the glass, I might have a cut foot.

*Fanny.* Yes; so you might. Have you seen those big wooden shoes that some people wear?

*Nelly.* Yes, I've seen them; and mamma says some of our shoe soles are made of paper.

*Fanny.* Yes, I know they are, for one day I saw my aunt Katie pull the sole of her kid boot all to pieces, after she had been walking on the wet pavement.

*Nelly.* I want to learn to knit those nice woolen yarn slippers, and make mamma a pair for her birthday.

*Fanny.* So do I for my mamma. I think it would be nice for us to learn together, and then work together.

*Nelly.* So it would. But is n't it curious how many different things are used for shoes?

*Fanny.* Yes; it is. Papa has heavy boots and tramps through the snow, and never takes cold.

*Nelly.* And baby has the cutest little shoes of all kinds of fine, soft leather or cloth.

*Fanny.* Then papa wears velvet slippers in the house.

*Nelly.* Yes, and mamma has white satin shoes that she wears sometimes when she dresses in her nicest white dresses.

*Fanny.* And lots of boys' shoes are made with copper toes.

*Nelly.* Well I 'm glad some men know how to make all kinds of leather and cloth, so we can all have the sort of shoes we want.

*Fanny.* So am I, and I 'm glad we do n't have to take off our shoes before going into church.

*Nelly.* Who does that?

*Fanny.* I 've forgotten. Let 's ask our teacher to tell us about it.

---

## A PILE OF GOLD.

*First Speaker.*

I wish I had a pile of gold,  
As high as any tree,  
I 'd buy a carriage and a horse,  
And a ship to sail the sea ;

I 'd have a real train of cars,  
And a railroad all my own,  
And a house and barn and wood-shed built  
Of the very best of stone.

*Second Speaker.*

I wish I had a pile of gold,  
I 'd buy the Barnum show,  
And a rink and a toboggan slide,  
And then I think I 'd go  
To school about one-half the time,  
And then I 'd exercise,  
To make me strong. To study hard  
Is bad on people's eyes.

*Third Speaker.*

Well, if I had a pile of gold,  
I think I would n't fret  
About my eyes nor anything,  
I 'd go straight off and get  
A house full of the nicest books  
That ever I could see,  
And when my eyes got tired I 'd hire  
Some one to read to me.

*Fourth Speaker.*

I wish I had a pile of gold,  
Such dresses I would buy !  
A watch and chain and pins and rings,  
Till folks should say that I  
Had just the finest, nicest things  
Of any girl in town,  
And every servant in my house,  
Should have a satin gown.

*Fifth Speaker.*

Well, if I had a pile of gold,  
I 'd look in every street,  
To find the poorest folks and buy  
Them something nice to eat,  
And wood and coal to make them warm,  
And clothes for them to wear,  
And if I had no money left,  
I do n't believe I 'd care,  
For everybody 'd be so glad,  
And they would love me so,  
I 'd have so many, many friends,  
Wherever I should go

*All.*

Yes, that is right, and that is best,  
And we have all been told,  
How very much good may be done,  
With *little* piles of gold.  
So let us start, and from this day,  
Work on the simple plan,  
That with a pile of gold or not,  
We 'll do what good we can.

---

### LEARNING TO COOK.

*Bessy.* Now, what is your finger tied up for?

*Mary.* I was playing cook this morning and burned it.

*Bessy.* Playing cook? That 's funny. Was there no one else to do cooking but you?

*Mary.* Yes, I suppose so ; but Sally, who does the cooking, was busy at something, and I thought it very kind of her to show me where to find the things I wanted.

*Bessy.* What things did you want?

*Mary.* I wanted some slices of bread and the bread toaster.

*Bessy.* Oh, you made the toast?

*Mary.* I made toast for mamma. She was sick, and Sally had to hurry and get papa's breakfast so he could go down town.

*Bessy.* And if your mamma was sick I would n't think she'd be in a hurry for toast.

*Mary.* But she wanted to sit at the table with papa, because she had something to say to him before he went down town.

*Bessy.* And did she think the toast would make her feel better?

*Mary.* Yes; the toast and tea. So I made both. Sally shows me how to cook whenever she can, and then when mamma is sick I can do such things for her and Sally can go on with her work.

*Bessy.* And how did you happen to burn your finger?

*Mary.* I touched the toaster in taking out a slice of bread.

*Bessy.* Does it hurt very much ?

*Mary.* No. Sally tied it up with some white of egg, and it does not hurt now.

---

## CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

### GIRLS.

#### *First Speaker.*

I believe I 'd like to be a nurse,  
And wear a pretty cap,  
I think it very nice to hold  
A baby in my lap ;  
And I 'd take care of sick folks, too,  
How funny it would be,  
To stay up all the live-long night,  
Awake, and making tea.



*Second Speaker.*

I think I'll sing in opera,  
And have such lovely gowns,  
And I shall travel all the time,  
And visit all the towns ;  
You'll see my name in all the bills,  
In letters wide and long,  
And all the folks will say of me,  
" Yes, she's the queen of song."

*Third Speaker.*

I'm going to be a doctor,  
And I'll be so very wise,  
I'll look at all the people's tongues,  
And then I'll shut my eyes,  
Say, " Hem ! Ah, yes—malaria,"  
And pour the quinine down,  
And folks will say that I'm the best  
Physician in the town.

*Fourth Speaker.*

I guess I 'll be a teacher,  
But I wo n't have any rule,  
To make the children study hard,  
Or stay in after school ;  
I would n't scold if they should want  
To tell some little jokes,  
For boys and girls like fun sometimes,  
As well as other folks.

*Fifth Speaker.*

I 'm going to be a lady,  
And go shopping every day,  
And when I get too many things,  
I 'll give them all away,  
To people who are very poor ;  
And I 'll go to all the balls,  
And when I 've nothing else to do,  
I 'll go and make some calls.

*Sixth Speaker.*

I 'm going to be a sister,  
And wear a plain black dress,  
And I wo n't need to frizz my hair,  
Nor wear tight shoes. I guess  
I would n't get so very tired,  
Of walking 'round all day,  
And asking people for old clothes—  
I 'll try it, anyway.

---

## BARK.

## FOR TWO BOYS.

*Harry.* Did you ever, when in the woods, notice the difference of the bark on the trees?

*Tom.* Yes, and I 've often cut my name in the smooth bark of a beech tree.

*Harry.* It would take deep cutting to put your name in the bark of a big oak tree.

*Tom.* Yes, or in that of a shag-bark hickory.

*Harry.* Papa told me of a good many things that bark is used for.

*Tom.* Yes; tell me about it.

*Harry.* Some people make ropes of the bark of willow and linden trees.

*Tom.* Oh, yes; and you know they make quinine from the bark of a tree.

*Harry.* Yes, and the Siamese make cordage of the bark of the cocoa tree.

*Tom.* I do n't know what Siamese are.

*Harry.* The people who live in Siam.

*Tom.* Oh, yes; I forgot. And another kind of bark is cinnamon.

*Harry.* Yes. That kind of bark is good in apple pie, and fruit cake, and some kinds of pickles.

*Tom.* Where is it the people make cloth of bark?

*Harry.* Somewhere in the East Indies, but I've forgotten the kind of tree.

*Tom.* So have I; but I won't forget that tanners use oak bark in making leather.

*Harry.* Nor that the cork tree is about as useful as any tree that grows.

*Tom.* Did you know that the people who lived long ago wrote books on the bark of ash and lime trees?

*Harry.* No. Did they? It must have been very smooth bark.

*Tom.* They used the inside bark, and papa says some of these books are more than a thousand years old.

---

## COLORS.

### TWO GIRLS.

*Fanny.* Mamma has been telling me something about the colors that are used for our dresses and cloaks and hats.

*Belle.* Yes, I think that would do to talk about for a long time.

*Fanny.* I am going to find out all I can about it. Do you know what colors are made of?

*Belle.* I know about indigo.

*Fanny.* Do you? Mamma did n't tell me about that. I know how it looks, but I do n't know how it is made.

*Belle.* Well, I only know that the indigo tree or shrub grows two or three feet high.

*Fanny.* And where do the cakes of blue come from? They do n't grow, do they?

*Belle.* No. The leaves are soaked in water, and the blue settles in the bottom of the vats; then it is dried and sold.

*Fanny.* And where do the little trees grow?

*Belle.* In warm countries, like South America.

*Fanny.* Mamma told me about making red colors.

*Belle.* Of what are they made?

*Fanny.* Some reds are made of little insects called cochineals. Carmine is made of them, too.

*Belle.* And of what other colors did your mamma tell you?

*Fanny.* She told me of gamboge, which is made of the juice of a gum tree.

*Belle.* And where does the tree grow?

*Fanny.* In Cambodia and other parts of the India islands.

*Belle.* Some colors mixed make other colors, but I do n't know what they are.

*Fanny.* I know that gamboge mixed with blue makes green.

*Belle.* It's very curious. I am going to ask mamma or papa to tell me all they know about colors.

---

## WISHES.

### BOYS AND GIRLS.

*Sara.*

I wish I were a sky lark,  
I'd fly up to the moon,  
Where Jack climbed on his bean stalk,  
And I would very soon

Find out what every little star  
Means when it twinkles so ;  
I 'd see which cloud is filled with rain,  
And which one holds the snow.

*Ben.*

I 'd rather be an eagle,  
For then I 'd be the king  
Of all the birds, and would not be  
Afraid of anything ;  
And I could fly as high as you,  
And sit on rocks and crags,  
And folks would put my picture on  
The nicest kind of flags.

*Lucy.*

I think I 'd rather be a tree,  
So tall and strong and high,  
When boys and girls looked up at me,  
They 'd think I touched the sky ;  
And birds would sing to me all day,  
What no one understands,  
They 'd build their nests, and I would play  
I held them in my hands.



*Susie.*

It 's very nice to be a lark,  
And sing so very sweet,  
And any bird can fly above  
The mud that 's in the street ;  
A tree need never wash its face,  
It has no hair to curl,  
But still I think I 'd rather be  
Somebody's little girl.

*John.*

A bird is well enough, I guess,  
It stays out in all weathers,  
But then it squanders lots of time  
A trimming up its feathers ;  
And trees are chopped and sawed and split,  
All into boards and shingles,  
And girls must sew and learn to play,  
On many a thing that jingles,  
And curl her hair and wear a dress,  
There is no greater joy  
In all the world, that I can see,  
Than just to be a boy.

## CHOICE OF FLOWERS.

FOUR GIRLS.

*First Speaker.*

No flower to me is half so sweet,  
As are the morning-glories,  
I think they climb up high to meet,  
The birds, and hear the stories  
They tell each other 'mongst the trees;  
They lift their dainty faces  
To catch the early morning breeze,  
And down in shady places  
They stay awake 'till nearly noon,  
And then, the sunshine scorning,  
They close their eyes 'till night is gone  
Then wish us all good morning.

*Second Speaker.*

I love the tiger lily best,  
She's like a queenly lady,  
In black and yellow gayly dressed;  
Nooks that are dark and shady,

She leaves for flowers that are pale and weak,  
With light and flimsy dresses,  
I think she hears me when I speak,  
And feels my light caresses.

*Third Speaker.*

Well, all that I have got to say,  
If I 'd a hundred noses,  
I 'd rather have a big bouquet  
Of white and crimson roses ;  
I love them summer, spring and fall,  
I look at them for hours,  
The rose is loveliest of them all,  
And she 's the queen of flowers..

*Fourth Speaker.*

But, oh ! the pansy, with its face  
So fresh and brightly beaming,  
Its modesty, its lowly place,  
From which it, upward gleaming,  
As if it only wished to see  
You should not tread upon her ;  
The rose is queen, but surely she  
Must be first maid of honor.

## TOBACCO.

## TWO BOYS.

*Tom.* I never can see what good there is in tobacco.

*John.* Neither can I ; though I suppose it, like other poisons, has its good uses.

*Tom.* Other poisons ! I did n't know it was a poison.

*John.* I do n't know as it can be called a deadly poison, but when one gets sick from smoking or chewing tobacco it is because they are poisoned.

*Tom.* Then why is it that after using it awhile they do n't get sick ?

*John.* Because they get used to it just as one can get used to other poisons, especially such as opium, morphine, chloral and things of that kind.

*Tom.* Well, I do n't see how any man can like the taste of tobacco well enough to hold a cigar in his mouth long enough to smoke it.

*John.* Or to chew up those great, ugly brown plugs.

*Tom.* Or cram the mouth full of the stringy fine-cut.

*John.* Or carry about a box full of snuff to paint their noses with.

*Tom.* And get their nerves all out of order so their hands are unsteady.

*John.* And their temper as shaky as their hands.

*Tom.* And their throats are sore, and they worry everybody with their tobacco cough.

*John.* And their eyes get weak and their sight bad.

*Tom.* Oh, there is no end to the mischief that the use of tobacco makes.

*John.* Then its cost is something, too.

*Tom.* Yes, papa says many a man chews up his home, or puffs it away in smoke.

*John.* Well, that is something I shall never be foolish enough to do.

*Tom.* Nor I. What do you think of forming an anti-tobacco society?

*John.* I think it would be a good thing. Let us talk to the boys about it.

---

## INK.

### TWO BOYS.

*Harry.* This morning, before school, I had to buy some ink, and I heard two men in the store talking about the different kinds of ink in use.

*Fred.* Well, that was not much of anything was it? Black ink, and blue, and red, are most in use.

*Harry.* Yes; and violet and brown. Besides the different colors of ink used in writing, there's printers' ink.

*Fred.* Well, is n't printers' ink just the same as that used in writing.

*Harry.* No, indeed. It is more of the nature of paint. It is much thicker than writing fluid. It has oil and lamp-black in it.

*Fred.* Yes, I understand. I suppose that it is that makes the peculiar smell of newspapers when they are first printed.

*Harry.* Then there is India ink. You 've seen pictures done in India ink?

*Fred.* Yes, and it looks like anything else than ink when you buy it.

*Harry.* I do n't see how people find out how to make so many things. Long ago people made ink out of soot mixed with some sort of gum.

*Fred.* Oh, I suppose they found out by trying, just as people find out things now.

*Harry.* Yes, just as Edison found out so much about electricity.

*Fred.* And just as Bell found out so much about telephones.

*Harry.* Well, if we do n't hurry we wo n't find out much about our lessons.

## DAYS OF THE WEEK.

FIVE CHILDREN.

*First Speaker.*

Of all the days of all the week,  
I love the Sunday best,  
Then papa's home, and brother John,  
It is their day of rest ;  
I go to church and Sunday-school,  
Nobody's in a hurry,  
And all the day is still and sweet,  
Without one bit of flurry.

*Second Speaker.*

I'm glad when Monday morning comes,  
I have to keep so still  
On Sunday that sometimes I think  
It nearly makes me ill ;  
I like to go to Sunday-school,  
But not to church at night,  
And Sunday clothes make me so tired,  
And Sunday shoes are tight.



*Third Speaker.*

I think I like the Fridays best,  
For then my school work 's done,  
And I can think and plan all day,  
About the lot of fun  
I 'll have, and all the things I 'll do  
And see on Saturday;  
I help mamma, and sometimes go  
To some nice matinee.

*Fourth Speaker.*

If I could have my choice I 'd make  
The days all just the same,  
I would n't have a Saturday,  
Nor any other name;  
I would n't go to Sunday-school  
Nor look at book or slate,  
Nobody 'd ever say to me  
" Now, hurry ; you 'll be late ! "  
Sometimes I 'd read a story book  
Or some sweet, pretty rhyme,  
But I 'd be busy every day,  
In having a good time.

*Fifth Speaker.*

It seems to me if we but try  
To do the best we can,  
On every day of all the week,  
'T will be the better plan ;  
With work and play and lessons, too,  
We ought to say each night,  
I 've tried to do my best all day ;  
I 've tried to do what 's right.

*All together.*

Yes, that is best, to do what 's right  
On every single day,  
No matter what may be it 's name,  
Or if we work or play ;  
At school, at home, if rain should fall,  
Or if the days be bright,  
We will not stop to scold or fret,  
But try to do what 's right.

## THE SICK DOLL.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

*Fanny.* Good morning.

*Nelly.* Good morning. Oh, do n't stop me, I'm in such a hurry!

*Fanny.* Why, what's the matter?

*Nelly.* I am going for the doctor as fast as ever I can.

*Fanny.* Why you quite frighten me! and you look pale. Have you the toothache or headache?

*Nelly.* Oh, I'm not sick, it's my doll, Eva; she's as sick as she can be!

*Fanny.* You do n't say so! The new doll you got at Christmas?

*Nelly.* Yes; the one with long golden hair.

*Fanny.* And such lovely blue eyes!

*Nelly.* And shoes of the same color!

*Fanny.* Oh, how shocking! What is the matter with her?

*Nelly.* Why, she's got an awful big hole in her head!

*Fanny.* What a pity! How did it happen?

*Nelly.* Well, you see, the way I came to call her Eva was because we went to a matinee to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and you know how lovely Eva St. Clair was?

*Fanny.* Yes; I remember.

*Nelly.* And you remember when they cut off Eva's hair?

*Fanny.* Yes, I remember that, too.

*Nelly.* Well, you see, cousins Johnnie and Lucy, and sister Flo and I were playing Uncle Tom, and we were going to cut off my Eva's hair.

*Fanny.* Yes, what fun! Who was Miss Ophelia?

*Nelly.* Sister Flo was; and when she was just going to snip off a little tiny speck of Eva's hair, because you know we were n't going to have her die for sure—

*Fanny.* And you would n't put her in the ground, would you?

*Nelly.* No; only make believe. But the kitty ran in and jumped on Flo's lap and pushed her hand, and the scissors hurt poor Eva's head.

*Fanny.* I'm so sorry! I'll go and see her.

*Nelly.* Do go! We are all so scared. I must go and get Lewis Long. He has a medicine case, and we are going to play he's a doctor. Good-bye.

*Fanny.* Good-bye.

---

## GYPSIES.

### TWO GIRLS.

#### *First Speaker.*

Sometimes when I've been in the house all day,  
I think how nice it would be  
If I were a gypsy and lived in a tent,  
And slept out under a tree.

*Second Speaker.*

Yes, in pleasant weather I know 't would be nice,  
But if it should thunder and rain,  
You 'd be awfully frightened, get up in a trice,  
And hurry back home again.

*First Speaker.*

If I were a gypsy girl, I would n't care  
For a rain-storm ; I s'pose I 'd be sent,  
Sometimes when the weather was not very fair,  
To stay in a water-proof tent.

*Second Speaker.*

But then in the winter when howling winds blew,  
And the ground was covered with snow,  
I would n't like that, and neither would you,  
Then where do you think you would go ?

*First Speaker.*

I 'd go where the birds go as soon as the breeze  
Gave the least little hint of the cold ;  
I 'd go where the oranges grow on the trees  
As bright and as yellow as gold.

*Second Speaker.*

But you know such awful big snakes live there,  
And spiders, and all sorts of things  
That creep on the ground and fly in the air—  
And those that can't bite have stings.

*First Speaker.*

Well, I'd have a grandma, an old gypsy queen  
Who'd know about poisons and things ;  
She'd cure every snake-bite as soon as 'twas seen,  
As well as all manner of stings.

---

## STAMPS.

## TWO BOYS.

*Arthur.* I am making a collection of postage stamps.

*Alan.* Are you ? I have had collections of almost everything but stamps ; I have had minerals, all kinds of woods, and coins.

*Arthur.* Coins must be very hard to get.

*Alan.* Yes, they are, and then I always wanted to spend them.

*Arthur.* Stamps are great fun, and if you try you can collect them quite easily.

*Alan.* I should think you would lose them, they are so small.

*Arthur.* They are not all small, and then I have a book I paste them in. I am trying to get one of each kind from all the different countries.

*Alan.* That will be hard to do.

*Arthur.* Yes, but I am going to try; they are so pretty, all different colors; some pink, some green and some blue.

*Alan.* How do you paste them in your book, all in rows?

*Arthur.* No. I enjoy pasting them in, for I have a book just made for it, with the names of all the different countries and a place for each stamp the country has used.

*Alan.* How many stamps have you?

*Arthur.* Four hundred and thirty.



*Alan.* That is a great many ; how did you get them all ?

*Arthur.* A great many have been given to me. I have some from Egypt with the sphinx and a pyramid on them ; then I have a funny three-cornered one from the Cape of Good Hope in Africa. Of course I have lots of United States stamps and a good many French ones.

*Alan.* What is your best stamp ?

*Arthur.* A big English one that I bought. It is one of the first ever printed, and quite valuable.

*Alan.* How did you come to buy that one ?

*Arthur.* I will tell you. You will think it sounds like a story out of a book, but it is really true. Jack Brown, the boy I bought it of, has a great many stamps, and where he goes to school the teacher had been collecting them, too. One day he told the boys he would give his stamps to the boy who collected the most up to the holidays. Jack had the most, and this stamp was among those the teacher gave him ; he is poor, though, and he sold it to me for a dollar and a half, for he wanted

to make his mother a Christmas present of a pair of shoes.

*Alan.* That was very kind of him ; he must be a good boy.

*Arthur.* He is, and a smart one, too.

*Alan.* What other stamps have you ?

*Arthur.* Oh, I have some other English ones, with the picture of the queen, and one that is red and green with a white head, from a little island in the North sea, that belongs to England. I have found out from these stamps that a great many places all over the world belong to England.

*Alan.* How do you know where the stamps come from ?

*Arthur.* Papa tells me all about them and about the countries they come from. He says I learn a good deal of geography in that way without knowing it.

*Alan.* It must be like play to study that way. I think I will make a collection too.

*Arthur.* I would if I were you, and I will give

you some of the stamps that I have more than one of to begin with.

---

## LITTLE WORKMEN.

*First Speaker.*

Under the blue sky of the south,  
And under the pale green sea,  
Are thousands of tiny workmen,  
As busy as they can be.

*Second Speaker.*

I know there are fish in the ocean,  
But they splash about and play;  
Who then are these busy workers  
Who work on a summer's day?

*First Speaker.*

The coral workmen of the sea—  
Far, far in its depths they grow,  
And they look like fairy flowers  
In a garden green below.

*Second Speaker.*

How can they work beneath the waves  
Of the shining southern sea?  
What can such tiny creatures do  
But bright and pretty be?

*First Speaker.*

Fast to the great, strong rocks they cling  
By hundreds and hundreds yet;  
And build and build, until at last  
To the water's top they get.  
Then over the coral, sand and leaves  
And seeds by the wind are blown;  
The years go on and flowers bloom—  
The coral's an island grown,  
Fair and green in the southern sea,  
With stately shading trees;  
The waves break softly on the shores  
That are swept by the balmy breeze.

*Second Speaker.*

That is as queer as a fairy tale,  
But better because it's true,

And from the coral, it's very plain,  
We can learn a lesson, too :  
To work right on, though great the task,  
And on, till out of the sea  
Of work, in sunshine bright our lives,  
Like the island fair, may be.

---

## THE COMPASS.

## THREE BOYS.

*Jack.* Would you like to cross the ocean?

*Rob.* Yes, I love the water; last summer I learned how to swim.

*Frank.* I don't believe you could swim in the ocean, where the waves are strong and high.

*Rob.* Perhaps not, but I might for a few minutes. If I ever fell overboard I should try, anyway.

*Jack.* I should like to sail around the world.

*Frank.* So should I, and see all the wonderful things we read about.

*Rob.* How do they know how to steer a ship when it's out of sight of land, and there is nothing to see but sky and water?

*Jack.* Why, they have a compass to show them which way to sail.

*Frank.* What is a compass?

*Jack.* A wonderful instrument, that is made like a round box, marked with letters that stand for north, east, south and west; in the center it holds a little steel needle, called a magnet, that is balanced on a pivot so that it can swing easily around, and the steel needle is so made that whichever way the ship may sail the needle will point to the north. In the mariner's compass, or sailor's compass, the needle is fixed to a card that has the letters on it and the card turns with the needle.

*Rob.* Well, how does that help to show you the way if you want to sail to the east?

*Frank.* I know that; for if you look towards the north, the east is to the right, the west to the left and the south behind you.

*Rob.* What did they do before they had the compass?

*Jack.* The compass is hundreds of years old now, but they must have tried to keep in sight of land all they could so as not to lose their way.

*Frank.* I think they steered their ships by watching the sun, moon and stars.

*Rob.* Those were fair-weather guides.

*Jack.* Yes, and after the compass was known, great discoveries were made over the seas—brave men sailed across waters they knew nothing about, as we know now—and it was by its help Columbus found our America.

*Frank.* I think I will ask our teacher to draw us a compass on the blackboard and show us just how they steer ships by it.

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## SONGS OF NATIONS.

### FOUR BOYS.

#### *First Speaker.*

Over the sea I want to go,  
To merry England's shore,  
Whose gallant ships sail to and fro;  
Where brave knights fought of yore;

To see its towers and ivy green,  
Its soldiers dressed in red,  
And hear them sing "God save the Queen,"  
Caps off and bare of head.

*Second Speaker.*

England is far too dull and staid !  
Now I would have a sight  
Of sunny France, where silk is made,  
And all are so polite.  
Not only silk worms can they raise,  
But great, brave armies, too,  
And when they sing the "Marseillaise,"  
It thrills a Frenchman through.

*Third Speaker.*

With dear old Grimm in fairy tales,  
I've been to Germany,  
And all its fairy hills and vales  
I surely want to see,  
And hear the Germans sing their song,  
"Die Wacht am Rhein," some day,  
And sail the storied Rhine along,  
And see its castles gray.



*Fourth Speaker.*

Of course, I want to travel, too,  
And see just all I can,  
And that's what I intend to do  
When I become a man.  
But though I wander far, yet still  
I'm sure the same 'twill be,  
That Yankee Doodle always will  
Be best of all to me.

---

## PINS.

## TWO GIRLS.

*Kate.* Oh, I wish I had a pin, to fasten this flower with!

*Edith.* What a lovely rose! Here is a pin.

*Kate.* Thank you, I never have one.

*Edith.* I do, I am always picking them up at home.

*Kate.* Why do you do that?

*Edith.* Mamma gives me a penny for every dozen I find on the floor ; she is so afraid the baby will get them.

*Kate.* How nice ! but a pin never seems worth the trouble of stooping to pick up, unless you want to use it. I wonder what people did before they had pins?

*Edith.* They used buckles and hooks and things of that sort, but that was three or four hundred years ago.

*Kate.* Do you know how they first came to use pins?

*Edith.* Papa told me something about them the other day. I had just picked one up, and he asked me if I had ever thought how the useful little things were made.

*Kate.* Then did he tell you?

*Edith.* Yes, he said they were first made of iron wire. The French were the first to make them of brass, I think, and it must have taken some time to make them, doing the work nicely by hand. Now they are made mostly by wonderful machinery which makes them by the thousand.

*Kate.* How are they made by machinery?

*Edith.* The wire has to be first straightened and cut the right length; then the head is hammered out, and the pin pointed; after that it is yellowed or cleaned, then whitened or tinned, and then Mr. Pin is ready to march into line with all the other pins of his regiment or paper.

*Kate.* Well, the pin may be made very quickly, but it must take ages to put the armies of little pins so evenly in their papers.

*Edith.* No, that is as quick as any other part to do, for it is done by a machine, too; and this machine is kept hard at work by two children, one to give it paper, the other pins.

*Kate.* How I should like to see them doing it!

*Edith.* The papers are all ready pricked to receive the pins, and in the machine the pins fall into place in rows, and then, bang! they are pressed into the rows of holes, made for them.

*Kate.* I am glad to know that. I think almost everything around us would seem wonderful if we learned all about it.

## THE ARTS.

## FIVE BOYS OR GIRLS.

*First Speaker.*

I should like to be an artist :  
I'd paint such lovely things,  
Like meadows, cows and brooks and sheep,  
And birds with spreading wings.  
I would paint red sails in Venice,  
And Italy's blue skies,  
To Paris go, and there I'd win  
And everywhere, a prize.

*Second Speaker.*

I should like to be a sculptor :  
In marble, white as snow,  
I'd make such pretty girls and boys,  
And Cupid with his bow,  
And marble heads of all my friends—  
For I would have a name  
In something that would last for years,  
And lasting make my fame.

*Third Speaker.*

I'd love to be an architect,  
And see throughout our land  
The splendid buildings rising  
That by me had been planned.  
I'd build old English cottages  
That would delight the eye,  
And stately Gothic churches  
With spires fair and high.

*Fourth Speaker.*

I would make a name in music,  
Be famous, far and near,  
For such sweet tunes, the little birds  
Would stop their songs to hear.  
I would not write them all alike,  
But sad and gay by turn;  
And then, I'd make some easy ones  
For little boys to learn.

*Fifth Speaker.*

I should like to be a poet:  
Some verses from my pen  
Would be about great battles,  
And deeds of noble men;

And others, of the loveliness  
Of earth and stars above—  
Such happy songs, that in men's hearts  
I'd win, not fame but love.

---

## WATCHES.

## TWO GIRLS.

*Annie.* Here is a piece of Charlie's birthday cake.

*Bell.* Is it his birthday today? How old is he?

*Annie.* Ten. The cake was so pretty; it was frosted, and had ten blue and white candles on it.

*Bell.* What fun! Did he get that watch he has wanted so much?

*Annie.* Yes, and such a beautiful one! Everyone asks him what time it is. Papa says he will wear the spring of the cover out, opening and shutting it.

*Bell.* Is he going to wear it all the time, now?

*Annie.* Yes, and papa said, now he need never be late for school again; if he is careful of it and

winds it about the same time every day, it will keep good time, for it is a very fine one.

*Bell.* Is it silver or gold?

*Annie.* Gold; it came from Switzerland.

*Bell.* Where is that?

*Annie.* In Europe. They make such beautiful watches there, they send them all over Europe and America. Papa said it was one of the greatest industries of Switzerland.

*Bell.* What else did he tell you about it?

*Annie.* He said thousands of people worked on them there. Some in their own homes on different parts, and some just worked putting the little parts all together.

*Bell.* They must be good workmen.

*Annie.* Yes, among the best in the world.

*Bell.* What else can they make?

*Annie.* Jewelry, and they carve wood beautifully, and make such wonderful music boxes.

*Bell.* There is Charlie now; let's ask him what time it is.

## OTHER LITTLE PEOPLE.

FOR FIVE BOYS AND GIRLS.

*Fred.*

Were I a little Chinese boy,  
And had to wear a cue,  
I'd gather tea, have lots of rice  
And eat with chopsticks too.

*Jennie.*

Were I a little German maid,  
Quite still I'd have to sit,  
And wear my yellow hair in braids,  
And stockings learn to knit.

*Jack.*

Were I a little Laplander  
I'd dress from top to toe  
In fur, then with my swift reindeer,  
Off like the wind I'd go.

*Maud.*

Were I a dark Venetian maid,  
Whenever I went out  
I'd take a gondola and sail  
The river streets about.



*Robbie.*

Were I a little Dietcher lad,  
I'd lie, midst summer flowers,  
And watch the great wind-mills turn 'round,  
And skate in winter hours.

*All.*

Through all the world, the boys and girls  
Some happiness would find,  
But happiest, wherever they  
Are brave and true and kind.

---

### THE CAMEL.

*Tom.* What fun we had at the circus yesterday!

*George.* Yes, wasn't it splendid? What did you like best?

*Tom.* Oh, I liked the riding, the horses were so fine, and how those men could ride.

*George.* I was very sorry for the clown; he wanted to do as well as any of them, but he seemed afraid.

*Tom.* Well, I didn't blame him. I would not like to try doing some of the things they did, riding three and four horses at once, jumping through hoops and over banners.

*George.* I liked those little ponies, and the trained dogs, that jumped over rails.

*Tom.* I think I liked the wild animals the best, after all. We looked at them before the circus began. Did you ride on the camel?

*George.* No, did you?

*Tom.* Yes; he seemed like a gentle old fellow, but the man with the turban on his head walked beside me all the time.

*George.* What a funny looking thing a camel is! It must be pretty slow to ride on.

*Tom.* Yes, but it's just what is wanted for a long journey in the desert where they use them.

*George.* What is a desert?

*Tom.* A big, sandy tract of land, where, for miles and miles, you may not find any shade or water. There are places in them called oases, where there are springs of water, grass and trees, and you

may be sure that travellers are very glad when they come to them.

*George.* But why do they use camels, to ride on?

*Tom.* Because, though they travel slowly, they can stand journeys of hundreds of miles. Their feet have very hard, thick soles so they do not feel the hot desert sand, and they can do without water for a long time, for they keep a store of it in hundreds of little cells in their stomachs.

*George.* That is queer ; do you know anything else about them ?

*Tom.* Well, they are taught to kneel down to be loaded, or for their riders to mount them ; their eyes have long eyelashes, to shade and keep the sand from blowing in them, and they can shut their nostrils, too, to keep out the sand.

Their sense of sight and smell is very sharp, and they can scent water a great way off. Another queer thing is that the hump on their back is for use, too ; their backbones are as straight as a dog's or a cat's, but the hump is made mostly of fat, which helps the camel to do without eating if food

is scarce, and his master can only spare him a little ; but their masters are very kind to them, I think, and the camels are very patient.

*George.* What do they eat?

*Tom.* Grass and dates and locust-beans. They use camels, too, in other ways ; from their hair they manufacture cloth and those nice, little, soft paint-brushes we get in a paint-box.

*George.* I wish I had ridden on the camel, at the circus. I don't believe I should care to cross the desert on one, though.

*Tom.* No, I don't think I should, either. Sometimes, though, two or three thousand cross together, loaded with things to sell in other countries.

*George.* That would not be so lonesome, but I don't believe I should care for it, even then.

*Tom.* The camel is so useful to the desert travelers, though, that they have given it a very pretty name.

*George.* What is it?

*Tom.* It's called the ship of the desert.

## THE RAINBOW.

## SEVEN CHILDREN.

*All.*

Seven colors in the dew-drops gleam,  
When the sun is bright o'erhead—  
Violet, indigo, blue and green,  
Yellow and orange and red.

*First Speaker.*

What is violet? Why, it is found  
In the flower, dainty and sweet;  
And sometimes seen in the evening sky,  
Where the hills and cloud-line meet.

*Second Speaker.*

What is indigo? Far from the east  
Came its name, but I should say  
As the blue to make the wash look nice  
'Tis a color for every day.

*Third Speaker.*

What is blue? The bright, shimmering sea,  
And blue are the summer skies;  
The turquoise is blue, but fairer yet  
Is the blue of baby's eyes.

*Fourth Speaker.*

What is green? Why, the velvet grass,  
So pleasant to walk upon ;  
Emeralds are green, and the spreading trees,  
That shelter us from the sun.

*Fifth Speaker.*

What is yellow? Pale gold from the mine,  
And yellow the waving wheat,  
And bright little buttercups that come  
So early the spring to greet.

*Sixth Speaker.*

What is orange? Oh, far in the south  
Do the golden apples grow  
That bear the name ; and orange, too,  
The ox-eyed daisies blow.

*Seventh Speaker.*

What is red? Why, the robin's breast,  
The fire that flashes and glows  
In the ruby, and among the flowers  
Is the red of the queenly rose.

*All.*

Seven colors in the rainbow gleam,  
When the rain-drops have been shed—  
Violet, indigo, blue and green,  
Yellow and orange and red.

---

## WAYS OF TRAVELING.

*Ned.* I saw a picture in one of my school-books today of a man who had been up in a balloon, and the balloon had come down on the water and not on the land; the man was in the water hanging on to the cords of the balloon.

*Dick.* Do you know what became of him?

*Ned.* Yes, it was a true story, I think; after a while, a ship came along and he was saved.

*Dick.* Well, I should not care to go up in a balloon, anyway. Do you know what they are good for?

*Ned.* Sometimes they have been used in war to carry messages. I should not care to go up in one either; when I travel, I shall take some other way.

*Dick.* How would you like to travel best?

*Ned.* Oh, I love to travel in the steam cars, they go so fast, and there is always so much to see, as you go flying past fields and woods, rivers and waterfalls.

*Dick.* I should like to cross the United States that way. Papa says it takes six days; just think what a big country it is!

*Ned.* Yes; how long it must have taken people to cross it before they had any cars, and when they traveled in wagons.

*Dick.* I should like to travel a little way in one of those old stage coaches they used then.

*Ned.* You would get tired of it very soon; they were too slow.

*Dick.* After all, I would rather travel by water. I want to cross the ocean in one of those big steamers, that carry hundreds of people on board.

*Ned.* Yes, aren't they splendid? Papa took me all over one once. They are just like great big houses.

*Dick.* Do you know, in some of the warm countries they use donkeys to ride on?



*Ned.* Yes, I have seen pictures of people on them, and of their being loaded to carry things, too.

*Dick.* Then they use camels, in some places.

*Ned.* And in pictures of Santa Claus, he is always driving reindeer. Where do they use them?

*Dick.* Way up in the north, in Lapland. They are strong and they draw the sledges swiftly over the snow.

---

## FAIRY FOLK.

*Alice.*

Of all the fairy people

Which would you like to be?

Now I would be a mermaid,

Who lived down in the sea.

Sometimes I'd come up, when the moon

Was shining bright and clear,

And sing and sing, until the fish

All clapped their fins to cheer.

*Charlie.*

I would be Puck, the fairy :  
I'd travel everywhere,  
I'd skip about the mountains  
And skim about the air ;  
A humming-bird should bear me ;  
Such merry tricks I'd play—  
Drop beetles on the little boys,  
And steal girls' curls away.

*Florence.*

I'd be a fairy godmamma :  
A magic wand I'd bear,  
And give all doleful little maids  
Such pretty gowns to wear ;  
And then, if they were doleful still,  
A fairy prince I'd bring,  
Who'd ask them which they'd rather have  
A pearl or diamond ring.

*Frank.*

I'd be a giant, tall and strong :  
With such a voice I'd roar  
That mermaid, Puck and godmamma

With fear would tremble sore.  
I'd pick them all up in my arms,  
And, ere I set them free,  
With seven-league boots, I'd take a trip  
Across the land and sea.

---

## RUBIES AND PEARLS.

## TWO GIRLS.

*Janet.* What a lovely party Edith had!

*Dora.* Yes, we all had such a good time.

*Janet.* I love to play games. What fun we had  
at blind-man's-buff!

*Dora.* And stage coach.

*Janet.* And London bridge.

*Dora.* Which side were you on?

*Janet.* Edith's. I chose the pearl necklace.

*Dora.* I was on Isabel's; she had a ruby ring  
for her side.

*Janet.* I don't think I have ever seen a ruby, but Aunt Margaret has a pearl necklace, and that is the reason I chose that side. Pearls are so pretty.

*Dora.* Do you know where they come from?

*Janet.* Yes, from under the water. They are found in oysters, and in other shell fish of that kind.

*Dora.* How do they get them?

*Janet.* Men called divers go after them: they go out in boats, to where the oysters are found, and they dive down, sometimes fifty feet and sometimes even more, under the water, and then they gather the oysters as fast as they can into net baskets they have with them, and when they are ready to come up they pull the rope they have fastened to them, and the men in the boats pull them up.

*Dora.* Are rubies found in oysters too?

*Janet.* Oh, no, they are found in soil of sand, clay or gravel, that is made by the action of water; and they are also found in mines.

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


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
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
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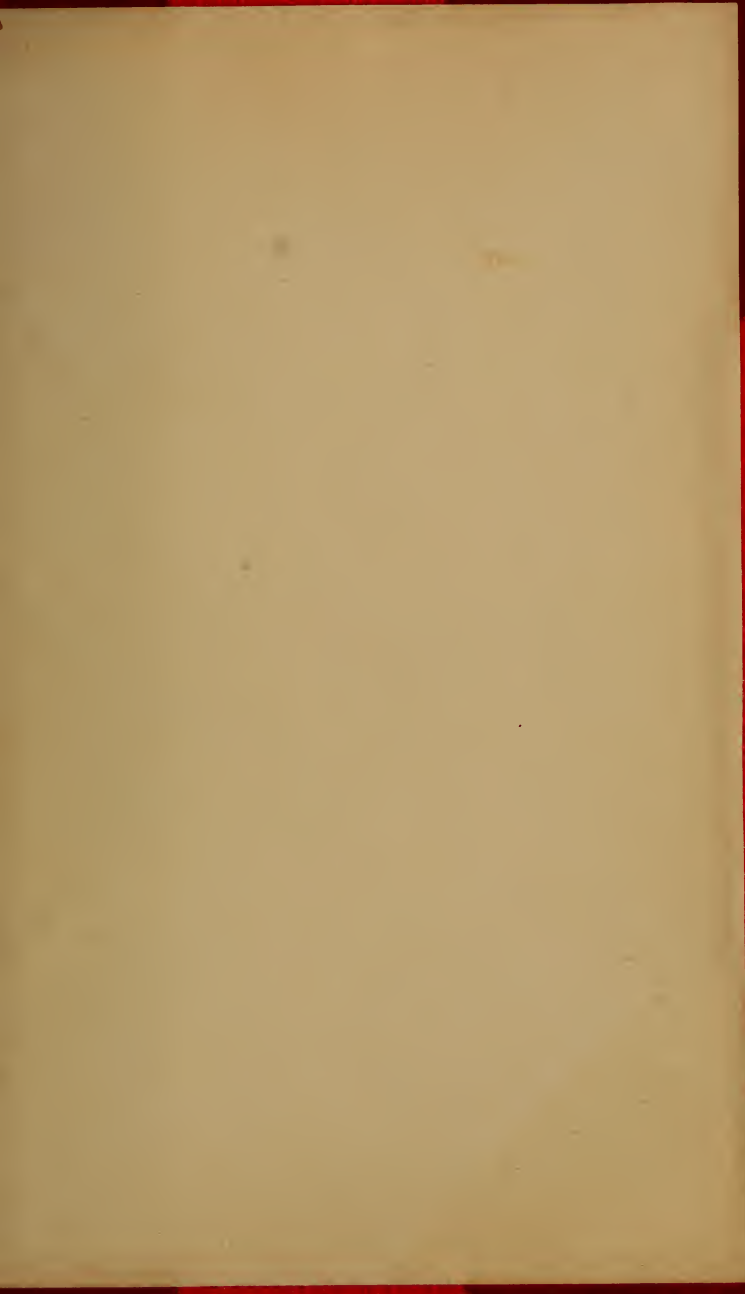
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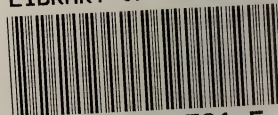
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